This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

1st ed. entirely uncut

£3/3/-

very scarce

Bt. from Elkin Mathews

2799 d. 106

600028472T

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PAIN and PATIENCE.

A

POEM.

[Price Six-pence.]

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PAIN *and* PATIENCE.

A

POEM.

By R. DODSLEY.

LONDON: PRINTED

For R. DODSLEY at *Tully*'s Head in *Pall-mall*;

And sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noſter-Row*.

MDCCXLII.

Digitized by Google

BODLEIAN LIBRARY
12
AUG
1926
OXFORD

Digitized by Google

TO

Dr. SHAW,

AS a publick Teſtimony of Gratitude for the Happineſs of being relieved from intolerable Pain and a tedious Confinement, and reſtored to Eaſe and the Uſe of my Limbs; this little Poem is moſt humbly preſented by his

Moſt Obliged

and Obedient

Humble Servant,

R. DODSLEY.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PAIN and *PATIENCE.*

A

POEM.

I.

TO ſcourge the Riot and intemperate Luſt,
Or check the ſelf-ſufficient Pride of Man,
Offended Heaven ſent forth, in Vengeance juſt,
The dire inexorable Fury, PAIN;
Beneath whoſe griping Hand, when ſhe aſſails,
The firmeſt Spirits ſink, the ſtrongeſt Reaſoning fails.

Digitized by Google

II.

Near to the Confines of th' infernal Den,
Deep in a hollow Cave's profound Receſs,
Her Court ſhe holds; and to the Sons of Men
Sends out the Miniſters of dire Diſtreſs:
Repentance, Shame, Deſpair, each acts her Part;
Whets the vindictive Steel, and aggravates the Smart.

III.

He whoſe luxurious Palate daily rang'd
Earth, Air, and Ocean, to ſupply his Board;
And to high-reliſh'd Poiſons madly chang'd
The wholſome Gifts of Nature's bounteous Lord;
Shall find ſick nauſeous Surfeit taint his Blood;
And his abus'd pall'd Stomach loath the daintieſt Food.

IV.

Digitized by Google

IV.

The midnight Reveller's intemperate Bowl,
To Rage and Riot, fires his furious Brain;
Remorſe enſues, and Agony of Soul,
His future Life condemn'd to ceaſeleſs Pain:
Gout, Fever, Stone, to Madneſs heighten Grief;
And Temperance, call'd too late, affords him no Relief.

V.

He whoſe hot Blood excites to dangerous Joy,
And headlong drives to ſeek the lewd Embrace,
Startled at length, ſhall in his Face deſcry
The Mark indelible of foul Diſgrace:
Ulcers obſcene corrode his akeing Bones;
And his high Raptures change to deep-felt Sighs and Groans.

Digitized by Google

VI.

The wild Extravagant, whose thoughtless Hand,
With lavish tasteless Pride, commits Expence;
Ruin'd, perceives his waining Age demand
Sad Reparation for his Youth's Offence:
Upbraiding Riot points to Follies past,
Presenting hollow Want, fit Successor to Waste.

VII.

He too, whose high presuming Health defies
Th' Almighty Hand of Heaven to pull him down;
Who slights the Care and Caution of the Wise,
Nor fears hot Summer's Rage, nor Winter's Frown:
Some trifling Ail shall seize this mighty Man;
Blast all his boasted Strength, rack every Nerve with Pain.

VIII.

Digitized by Google

VIII.

Thus Nature's God inflicts, by Nature's Law,
On every Crime its proper Puniſhment;
Creating Pain to keep Mankind in awe,
And Moral Ills by Phyſical prevent:
In Wrath ſtill gracious; claiming ſtill our Praiſe,
Ev'n in thoſe very Groans our Chaſtiſements ſhall raiſe.

IX.

But leſt the feeble Heart of ſuffering Man
Too low ſhould ſink beneath the keen Diſtreſs;
Leſt fell Deſpair, in League with cruel Pain,
Should drive him deſperate in their wild Exceſs;
Kind HOPE her Daughter PATIENCE ſent from high,
To eaſe the labouring Breaſt, and wipe the trickling Eye.

Digitized by Google

X.

Hail, mild Divinity! calm PATIENCE, hail!
Soft-handed, meek-ey'd Maid, yet whoſe firm Breath
And ſtrong perſwaſive Eloquence prevail
Againſt the Rage of Pain, the Fear of Death:
Come, lenient Beauty, ſpread thy healing Wing,
And ſmooth my reſtleſs Couch, whilſt I thy Praiſes ſing.

XI.

In all this toilſome Round of weary Life,
Where Dulneſs teazes, or pert Noiſe aſſails;
Where trifling Follies end in ſerious Strife,
And Money purchaſes where Merit fails;
What honeſt Spirit would not riſe in Rage,
If Patience lent not Aid his Paſſion to aſſwage?

Digitized by Google

XII.

No State of Life but muſt to Patience bow:
The Tradeſman muſt have Patience for his Bill;
He muſt have Patience who to Law will go,
And ſhould he loſe his Right, more Patience ſtill.
Yea, to prevent or heal full many a Strife,
How oft, how long muſt Man have Patience with his Wife?

XIII.

But Heav'n grant Patience to the wretched Wight,
Whom Pills, and Draughts, and Boluſſes aſſail!
Which he muſt ſwallow down with all his Might;
Ev'n then when Health, and Strength, and Spirits fail.
Dear Doctors, find ſome gentler Ways to kill;
Lighten this Load of Drugs, contract yon Length of Bill.

XIV.

Digitized by Google

XIV.

When the dull, prating, loud, long-winded Dame,
Her tedious, vague, unmeaning Tale repeats;
Perplex'd and wand'ring round and round her Theme,
Till loſt and puzzled, ſhe all Theme forgets;
Yet ſtill talks on with unabating Speed;
Good Gods! who hears her out, muſt Patience have indeed.

XV.

So when ſome grave, deep-learned, ſound Divine
Aſcends the Pulpit, and unfolds his Text;
Dark and more dark grows what he would define,
And every Sentence more and more perplext;
Yet ſtill he blunders on the ſame blind Courſe,
Teaching his weary'd Hearers Patience upon Force.

XVI.

Digitized by Google

XVI.

Without firm Patience who could ever bear
The great Man's Levee, watching for a Smile?
Then, with a whiſper'd Promiſe in his Ear,
Wait its Accompliſhment a long, long while;
Yet thro' the Bounds of Patience if he burſt,
Daniel's long Weeks of Years may be accompliſh'd firſt.

XVII.

O Patience! Guardian of the temper'd Breaſt,
Againſt the Inſolence of Pride and Power;
Againſt the Wit's keen Sneer, the Fool's dull Jeſt;
Againſt the Boaſter's Lye, told o'er and o'er;
To Thee this tributary Lay I bring,
By whoſe firm Aid impower'd, in raging Pain I ſing.

F I N I S.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google